

HAPPENINGS

in the BIG CITIES

Scene in Savannah Brought Back the Old Days

SAVANNAH, GA.—Recently there was a scene in Savannah which brought back to many older residents the flourishing days of slavery, when a man's wealth was gauged by the number of negroes he owned. A group of former slaves gathered in front of the municipal building to receive from a committee of Savannah citizens gifts of a substantial nature that had been provided for them by the business men along the famous Bay street, where so many wealthy cotton factors and others do business. None was less than eighty years old and some claimed to be "ninety goin' on a hundred." They were mostly men, but there were one or two women among them. Women who as young and healthy black "wenches" had been worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000 each during the days before the sixties, when negroes were valued solely by the money their healthy bodies would bring if offered for sale in the slave marts at New Orleans, Richmond, Milledgeville, Ga., and other places, were there, as were many broken and decrepit men.

Some of the old negroes in the group about the entrance of the city hall on this bright day probably remembered being brought to Savannah by their owners and placed in safekeeping underneath the Palaaki hotel, a Savannah hostelry, about one hundred years old. This hotel is within a stone's throw of the city hall, where this year's bounty was distributed, and it had a great reputation in the days before the sixties as one of the big hotels of the South, where a gentleman and a slave owner might carry his charges and turn them over to the proprietor and his lackeys, with the knowledge that when the time came for him to continue his journey his men and women would be turned back to him, well fed and well cared for. The Palaaki made a specialty of this kind of patronage, and today its cellar, far under the ground, is honey-combed with slave cells. They are of sufficient size to be comfortable, but are in most cases as dark as Egyptian blackness itself. Light seldom penetrates into their deep recesses. More than a hundred remain, and in the times when space was at a premium for this kind of entertainment there were more.

Chicago Slicker Has an Adventure in New York

NEW YORK.—Leonard Anderson is one of those slickers from Chicago who just adores his profession of detecting. He came back the other day after a year's visit to relatives in Norway and he just chuckled all the way over on the boat over how he was going to fool all the crooks in Gotham.

While in Norway he did as the Norwegians sometimes do and raised a crop of whiskers which afforded him a disguise that would not result in some crook shouting "take 'em off, Len, we know you." He was itching to get to work behind his King Lear and took a room at a cheap hotel near the steamship piers. He donned an immigrant's cap and started joyously to Sherlock Holmes around. Two affable strangers fell into conversation with him. He could hardly keep a straight face it was that ludicrous. In answer to their sympathetic and interested questioning, he informed them that he had a roll of \$166 in his pocket. It was a delicious situation, indeed, and he felt it was a big joke.

That is he felt it for a second or so and then somehow someone turned off the sunshine and he didn't feel anything because one of the affable strangers affably tapped him on the bean with a restless blackjack and the other removed the money and verified the amount.

Anderson identified himself with little trouble at the hospital, promptly visited a barber and took the first train in the direction of Chicago.

Northampton Rooster Captures a Bad Raccoon

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—A desperate battle between two coons and two prize roosters broke the quiet of Northampton early one morning. The coons had been the object of a frenzied two-day search by the members of the Masonic street engine company, from whose large and varied menagerie of pets they had escaped. The battle-field was the fancy henry of J. J. Kennedy on King street, and the other combatants were two of his prize roosters.

It was in the small hours of the morning when the two miscreants sneaked around the henry door and peeped in. There, roosting in neat, orderly rows, was their breakfast. They stealthily entered. Each picked his first choice, in each case a large rooster. One spring, and things started. Round and round the struggle raged. The multiplicity of wives of each of the defendants, seeing their noble lords and masters so beset, stood on their toes, fluttering their wings and squawking. The squawks woke Mr. Kennedy, who immediately hurried re-enforcements.

When he arrived at the battlefield, one of the roosters was hors de combat and his assailant had made good his escape. The other coon was vainly trying to, but with an infuriated rooster firmly attached to the end of his tail, even a wily coon hasn't time to think just where the door was when he came in. The proverbial bulldog has nothing on Mr. Kennedy's roosters once they get a good "holt."

The rooster's bill was pried apart and the coon released. The penitent firemen received their pet again in good shape, except for a sore tail, in exchange for the price of one perfectly good prize rooster, suitable only for boiling. The firemen are watching for their other coon, the coon in captivity is contemptuously watching the end of his tail and swearing off on chickens, and the other poultry fanciers of Northampton are double-locking their coops and keeping a weather eye open for early morning squawks.

New York Women Are Drilling for Possible War

NEW YORK.—Major Thiery, trim and severe in his regimentals, stood in the door of the Ninth Artillery armory, in Fourteenth street near Sixth avenue, the other night and with mingled pain and disdain upon his face watched the invasion of the fair. Girls, scores of girls, and women, old women, divided into squads, marched and counter-marched upon the polished floor, directed by smiling young soldiers.

In the middle stood Gen. (Mrs.) J. Hungerford Milbank, head of the American Woman's League for Self-Defense, with a clanking sword at her side and martial fire blazing from her eyes. Major Thiery glanced from the general to Col. (Miss) Ida Vera Simonton, whose khaki skirt, designed originally for the exploring trips she has made through the jungles of Africa, was much shorter than he approved. He snorted.

"What I want to know is," he said, "what're these women going to do with this. What does this mean?"

An eager member of the league informed him that if war came General Milbank would not hesitate to take her companies of girl soldiers right into the field—yes, into Mexico if necessary.

"Good night!" ejaculated Major Thiery, as he waved his hand despairingly. A little later the anti-suffrage major was overheard telling one of his subordinates to order the soldiers who were drilling the girls to carry themselves straighter and put their caps straight on their heads. The girls, he said, carried themselves a lot better than the men did.

SHARK BIT THE ADMIRAL.

Charles Sturatt, a sailor, of 310 West Twenty-ninth street, was arrested recently on complaint of Rear Admiral William N. Little, U. S. N., retired. The charge was obtaining money under false pretenses.

The police say Sturatt called at Rear Admiral Little's home, 229 West Seventy-sixth street, on January 31, wearing the uniform of a navy sailor. He said he was Robert C. Dobbins, attached to a ship lying in Boston navy yard and was out of funds and unable to return to his vessel. He showed a check on a Boston bank for \$6. Rear Admiral Little indorsed it and the police say Sturatt cashed it. Recently it was found the check was no good. —New York World.

EAGLETS.

H. Schmidt of 557 Center street has a host of friends who would back him for public office.

Stillman B. Jamieson is one of the coming men in the Republican party. He is honest and able.

Dr. George Sultan always made a good record in public life.

Frank J. Hogan, the popular and well-known lawyer, would make a fine Municipal Judge.

Nelson N. Lampert is the strongest Republican candidate named for State Treasurer.

Frank Weeger, the well known brewer and business man, is talked of for State Auditor and State Treasurer. He would fill either position well.

Judge Edward T. Glennon, the well known railroad lawyer, is respected by bench, bar and public.

W. L. Bodine, the efficient chief of the bureau of compulsory education, has made a nation wide name for his department.

Judge William B. Dever is making a good record in the Superior Court.

William F. Quinn, "the father of Edgewater," has a host of friends all over Chicago.

Judge Charles A. McDonald is making a splendid record on the Superior Court bench. He is a conscientious and fair-minded judge.

Tony Schroeder of North Halsted and Roscoe streets is not only one of the solid men of Lake View but he is a political leader who numbers his friends by the thousands.

John Z. Vogelsang has done much to make the restaurant the attractive feature of Chicago life that it is today.

C. A. Smith, the veteran pianomaker, is respected by all who know him.

Joseph A. O'Donnell, former legislator and park commissioner, is one of the most popular members of the Chicago bar.

Jeremiah B. O'Donnell, the able lawyer, has thousands of admirers who want to see him on the judicial bench.

Harry W. Cooper reports a big demand for Batavia tires. They are more popular than ever.

Harry E. Kellogg, the popular proprietor of the Blue Ribbon Laundry at 515 North Clark street, is building up a fine business.

Judge John R. Lavery is daily adding to his popularity in Chicago by his splendid record on the Municipal Court bench.

Samuel W. Jackson, the well known lawyer, who was one of the best Presidents the Law Institute ever had, is frequently mentioned for judge.

George W. Paulin, the great furrier, has made a business record for honesty and integrity that wins for him hosts of friends.

Popular Jack Henderson would make a good member of the State Board of Equalization.

Dow B. Lewis would make a good County Commissioner.

Judge Thomas F. Scully has made a splendid record in the County Court. The people have confidence in him and their confidence has never been misplaced, either when the judge was on the Municipal bench or in his present responsible position.

President Thomas A. Smyth, of the Sanitary District, has increased the efficiency of the service one hundred per cent since he took office.

One of the very best Aldermen in the City Council, is Edward P. Cullerton. He has been longest in the public service of any member of the City Council and his usefulness to the people has been demonstrated over and over again.

There are no more criminals. Every cold-blooded murderer and thief is a "moron" now days according to the pestiferous reformers who are running things in Chicago. A woman is slain in her kitchen. The murderer is caught. "Don't hang him, he's a 'moron' about the reformers," and he is not hanged. A mother and her babe are killed by a brute. "He is a moron" declare the reformers. It is bad enough for the reformers to be stealing the taxpayers' money for a hundred alleged "reforms," but when they keep on breeding murderers, they deserve the rope themselves.

The theatrical profession, men and women, the legal profession, leading business men and all other callings praise the Morrison photograph studio. Clara Louise Hagins, secretary of the studio, is always there to see that ladies receive every attention.

Adam Wolf is one of the most popular men in Chicago. You can't beat him.

Hempstead Washburne, the popular former mayor, is active in many branches of public life.

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